

THE Miserable Mountebank,

O R, A
Fierce encounter betwixt down right Dick, and this Devil of a Doctor,
one morning in a Market place.

It seems he says he'd raise the dead,
by Vertue of his Pill,
To the Tune of, Cold and Raw.

But Richard came and broke his Head,
for his confounded Skill.
This may be Printed, R. P.



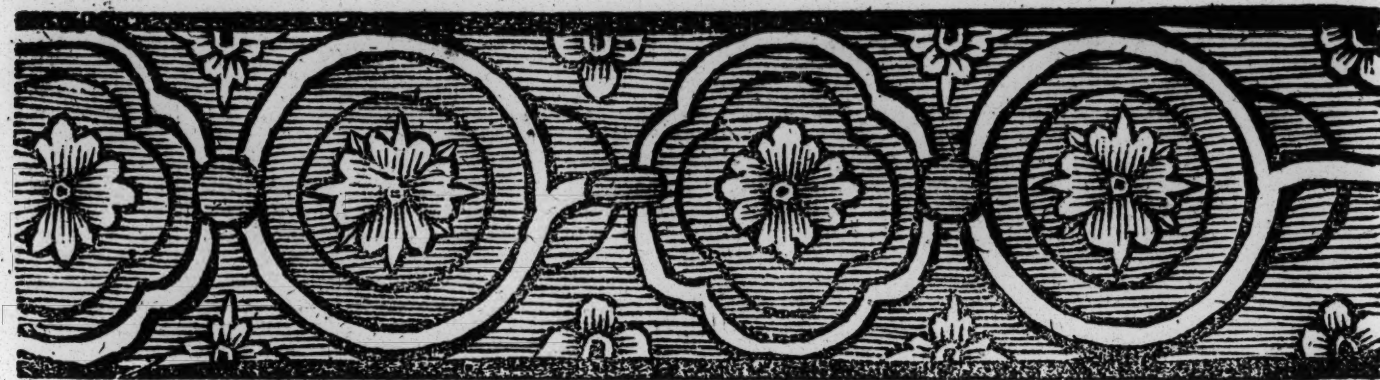
In a Market town of late,
a Mountebank was bawling;
At a strange romancing rate,
he stood himself extolling;
Hear is my never failing Pill,
come buy it whoever pleases,
For here I do declare it will,
Sirs, Cure you of all diseases.

As for Gravel, Stone or Gout,
it lies within my power,
With this Pill to purge it out,
in less than half an hour;
It cures the Scurvy in the head,
and every inflammation;
It has raised some persons from the dead,
unto the world's admiration.



Downright Dick was standing there,
who had been often cheated;
Therefore he could not forbear
but straight these words repeated;
I here am vexed to the heart,
good people to hear your buying,
Had this Rascal his due desert,
he wou'd be well whipt for lying.

Dick he call'd him shuffling Knave,
and proffer'd to a-fought him,
But the Mountebank did rave,
so did his fools about him:
Quoth Richard come down from your
and do not make such a racket, (stage,
Here in this market I would engage
to liquor your lowsey racket,



Dick had a quarter staff,
which he knew how to handle ;
But the Mountebank did laugh ,
and said, beware of your Candle ;
My Sword shall put you in the dumps,
quoth Richard I do not fear you,
I faith I mean to make Clubs trumps,
if once I can come but near you.

Though I am a plow-man born,
I fear no Sword nor Rapier ;
Such men I do hold in scorn,
who will no more than vaper :
You Slave, it is not my delight
to rangle and hold a parly,
If you have any mind to fig'it,
come hither and meet me fairly.

He came from his Stage strait way,
a quarter-staff was brought him,
Then begun a lussy fray,
where lussy Richard taught him
Such breeding which he never knew ;
he did not stand to beslave him,
But made the Mountebank look blew
at every bang he gave him.

There the Mountebanks head man
with high flown words stood flashing,
But stout Richard laid it on,
as if he had been threshing ;

He follow'd him with store of stripes,
which made his poor Bones to rattle,
His Gally-pots and Glisten-pipes
was never in such a battel.

Dick at length did crack his Crown,
besides his bones he laces,
And the blood did trickle down
in more than twenty places ;
He went to run away amain,
his bloody streams did surprize him,
But Richard fetch'd him round again,
and told him he must chastise him.

Now, I'll swear you if I live,
and therefore pray Sir tarry ;
You shall never glisters give,
to make young maids miscarry ;
Another Oath I will repeat
and see you think always on it ;
When e're you do a plow-man meet,
to him you shall bail your Bonnet.

Yes, I swear to keep them both,
as you do me desire,
From this very day henceforth,
a Plow-man I'll admire ;
Away the Mountebank did sneak,
and was by his Fools attended,
Another word they dare not speak,
least Richard should be offended.

Printed for J. Deacon at the Angel in Chiswell street.

